

Read the Fine Print When Dealing with Death

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Summary: The world ended ahead of schedule, and this cannot stand. A very irritated Death offers the wielder of his Hallows, one Lillith Potter, and her best friend Hermione a chance to idle the time away in a different reality while he fixes the mess. Unfortunately for them the bored immortal places them on opposite sides of the upcoming Black Rebellion, for his own amusement of course.

Read the Fine Print When Dealing with Death

So this was a challenge issued by Mordalfus Grea and it amused me enough to roll with it. Ok, Lillith Dorea Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived has a similar background to the main character of my "Lady of Slytherin" story, differences are after defeating Voldemort and graduating she and a few friends bought a house in London and decided to try and change the government through legal channels, at first anyway.

Difference from Code Geass cannon, Suzaku had a twin sister, and Nunnally rather than being a few years younger than Lelouch is in fact his twin. Before you groan, this last change was just to avoid the age discrepancy crap that would occur later on, outside of that, everything is going down the way it had in cannon up until things pick up after Shinjuku.

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><p>London, England, 2002 CE</p>

Being the Mistress of Death unfortunately meant Lillith Potter received an unwitting front row seat to the end of all life on Earth as she knew it, and much to her surprise she couldn't blame humanities own idiocy for the Apocalypse. All it took was one asteroid falling on just the right spot to cause the super massive caldera volcano in the North American midwest to blow and the chain reaction that followed was...well...spectacular.

There had been no warning, no precursor to this event, it just happened, and that oddly made the situation all that much sadder.

Lillith had been lounging in the parlor of her London townhouse, simply enjoying the morning sunlight shining through the open bay windows as she listened to Hermione ramble on about some new law or another. If she remembered right it was some idiocy about banning werewolves from using public toilets, pointless and bigoted, the British wizard way. She honestly didn't know why her best friend bothered really, Lillith would just end up assassinating the pure-blood pushing the agenda, arrange the murder scene into an amusingly grotesque tableau, and then everyone else would fall in line.

Simple, but it had worked a dozen times so far, and it was so much fun finding creative ways to take down the new shiny wards protecting those idiots without getting caught. Ironically her rather sanguine stained fantasies were interrupted by a shock wave that saw Hermione crushed under most of the second floor while Lillith had been partially tossed through the window, soon buried under burning debris.

What followed was...it was rage laced agony, and little else. Pulling splinters of wood and chunks of masonry from herself it was only her iron will refusing to bow down to something as asinine as mortality that kept her moving. The only bright side to whatever the hell had happened was that her best friend hadn't suffered as she was currently, having half a house fall on you rather expedites the process.

While it had taken some time she finally managed to pull her shattered body free from the twisted wreckage of her home, only to stare up into the burning skies in abject horror as tremors leveled what little still stood. Then of course the sky was blotted out by a massive tidal wave and soon the British Isles were effectively erased off the map as The-Girl-Who-Lived boiled to death in the waters of the Atlantic.

After that she found herself in...well...it would appear Earth orbit, watching the planet burn below her. The crust giving way and sinking into the mantle as the oceans waters boiled away, this of course was when her dark sense of humor decided to make its appearance.

"I think Nev and I went to see this movie...it was horrible..." There was a snort behind her and she turned...? Drifted? Well she reoriented herself to view her companion, who happened to be a seven foot tall skeleton wearing a black robe.

She stared into the depths of his drawn hood and floated there silently waiting for him to speak, eventually the being sighed while seeming to shake his head in irritation.

"That...was not supposed to happen..."

Turning back to the burning planet below them Lillith scoffed lightly, "No kidding, at least I don't have to sit through the Wizengamot meetings anymore. Bloody waste of time that..."

Death shot her a...death glare as he crossed his arms and huffed, "Child you may be my many times removed descendant but could you possibly take this seriously if only for a few minutes?"

Lillith sighed at that while rolling her eyes nodding slowly, "Sure sure, go ahead, monologue on Grandfather." Death brought his skeletal hand up to the shadows of his cowl seeming to pinch the bridge of his none existent nose before responding.

"This world wasn't supposed to end for a very long time, especially so...randomly! It went against all the plans! Bloody Chaos, when I get my hands on that Deity she'll wish Lucifer got a hold of her first...Anyway as things stand the curse placed on you being the last Peverall and Mistress of Death is rather null and void since you can hardly ensure the continuation of your bloodline with the world being...dead."

Lillith scowled at that, honestly as far as curses go, not being able to die until you have a kid to carry your name wasn't the worst of them, and it pretty much guaranteed you didn't die a virgin. A plus, she supposed.

"Right, well suggestions?" Death clicked the fingers on his right hand and Hermione suddenly appeared before them, she blinked rapidly then turned to face the turmoil below them.

"Oh..._Ohhhhh_... This is bad isn't it?"

Lillith nodded quickly, "Yuppers, end of times, and apparently it went against the script, Grandfather doesn't seem too happy at the moment." Hermione turned to address Death who seemed to relax a bit as she gave him a proper curtsy and greeting, the ancient being spread his hands out and shook them at the young woman a few times before letting out an irritated hiss.

"See! SEE!? This is how you're supposed to treat beings like me Lillith, not like...you know what...never mind nothing ever comes from this so I'm not bothering going over decorum with you again." Lillith smirked at that pleased she wouldn't have to deal with a lecture, which would have been in rather poor taste regardless with the dying world below them and all.

"So what exactly happened?" Hermione asked breaking the silence, Death fell backwards plopping into a comfortable chair that appeared behind him a moment later as he motioned towards the planet with a tired sigh.

"Oh one of the Chaos Gods chucked a rock at it when no one was watching, mucked the whole thing up." Both women just stared at him as he twiddled his thumbs, the sound of the bones clicking together quite disconcerting with the current backdrop. "You see I can and will reverse this...this travesty! Unfortunately it will take time, the paperwork alone...ugh... Regardless there's going to be a few centuries at the least involved in reversing a Doomsday Event like this one and I have an idea to pass the time, so here's the deal."

Gesturing towards Lillith Death continued, "Since you collected all the Hallows I have a bit of control over your fate, and since Hermione here is your best friend and died in your presence I can

drag her along as well. While we wait I can drop you two into another dimension where you will hold positions of power. Where you can influence the path an entire reality takes, and be the only traditional witches on the planet while also being able to tap into the power of the Hallows."

The women exchanged a glance before turning back to death, "Ok..." Hermione began, "And after we live out our lives there?"

Death threw his hands in the air in annoyance, "I send you someplace else until I can fix this cluster f-... Look eventually you two will be brought back to your Earth after I get this mess cleaned up, in the meantime you go and have fun messing with other peoples realities. Consider it my apology for dropping the ball on this one."

They paused at that, Hermione because it meant new information, new things to research, entirely new cultures to experience!

Lillith smirked in turn, "So I get to mess with an entire universe with no long term repercussions coming back to bite me in the end?" Death nodded slowly, "I'm in!" She stated cheerfully.

Hermione worried her lip a moment before nodding as well, "I...accept..."

Death clapped his hands happily "Excellent! Oh by the way I'm putting the two of you on opposite sides of an upcoming global war, have fun!"

Their chorused "WAIT WHAT?!" was lost as they popped out of existence. Death snickered to himself as he leaned back into his chair, this ought to help him pass the time while the Department processed the Domsday Reversal paperwork.

He idly wondered where to send them next, maybe someplace with a galactic empire to conquer or the like, Lillith always was fond of Star Wars.

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><p>Pendragon, Britannian Mainland, 2009
A.T.B._

"How is she?" A woman was speaking, she sounded familiar, but...who was she? With that thought foreign memories began wheedling their way into Hermione's consciousness, slowly assimilating themselves into her mind. She wearily opened her eyes taking in the brightly burning light fixture above her reflecting on the fact that the woman's name was Cornelia, and she was very fond of her. Swiveling her head gently all Hermione could see were a pair of silhouettes turned away from her at the door, one much shorter then the other.

"The doctors...they thought she'd lose the ability to use her legs," Oh, that can't be good, were they talking about her? Something niggled at the back of her mind telling her they were. "But something happened last night and it's...it's almost like she was healed by magic, Nunnally should make a full recovery soon." Oh, well if she was Nunnally that was good news indeed.

"That's great news Lelouch, I'll have to let Euphemia know as soon as possible. Now...listen little brother are you sure I cannot talk you out of this audience with the Emperor? Our father is...not the forgiving type."

The boy didn't seem to take that well, "I must demand justice for our mother's death! For Nunnally being injured! Yes she may heal but those assassins entered the Imperial palace, they managed to bypass all security, at the same time mother ordered you and your guards away! Father must do something, and if he does not, I shall demand it!" With that Lelouch stomped off followed by the vexed older woman who closed the door gently behind her after turning out the light.

As Hermione Granger, reborn witch stared up at the dark ceiling she realized that she was now Princess Nunnally vi Britannia, of the Holy Empire of Britannia... and her idiot brother Prince Lelouch vi Britannia was about to go insult a man who made Voldemort look warm and fuzzy.

"Oh...bollocks..."

* * *

><p>Tokyo Japan, 2009 A.T.B._

"Sakura! Sakura are you all right?!" Fuck, Lillith's skull felt like someone had bashed it in with a bludger bat. Rubbing her head lightly Lillith brought her hand away from her temple sighing when she saw it was bloody. Yet another injury for Poppy to reprimand her for.

"What happened?" She muttered out quietly, sighing the boy kneeling beside her helped her to her feet as he threw her an exasperated look. Focusing on the boy she realized he was Asian, if the dojo setup, weapons racks, and outfits were any indicator, Japanese. He had wavy brown hair and jade green eyes that despite his annoyance, showed honest warm affection.

"I'll tell you what happened! My baka little sister zoned out in the middle of kendo practice and took a bokken to the side of the head! What distracted you like that? Normally you're the one pushing me to my limits not the other way around." Letting him lead her to a loo Lillith approached the sink and turned on the water, splashing her face as the boy used a paper towel to dab at the welt on her head.

She glanced into the mirror and froze.

Asian features, very similar to the boy beside her, emerald green eyes only a shade off from his, and wavy, raven black hair framing her face, and she suddenly knew who she was.

She, Lillith Dorea Potter-Black was Sakura Kururugi, twin sister to Suzaku, both children of the Prime Minister of Japan, Genbu Kururugi.

Snorting lightly she blew a long lock of hair from her face while muttering her reply, "Lets just say...I had my life flash before my eyes Suzaku, and leave it at that.

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><p>Mordalfus Grea chose Lillith's reborn name, originally he suggested the girls end up with the other boy but I thought it would be more fun if they were stuck with someone who had a completely different mindsets to their own. Anyway, if no one likes this oh well, it was a fun thought experiment, please review!

End
file.